

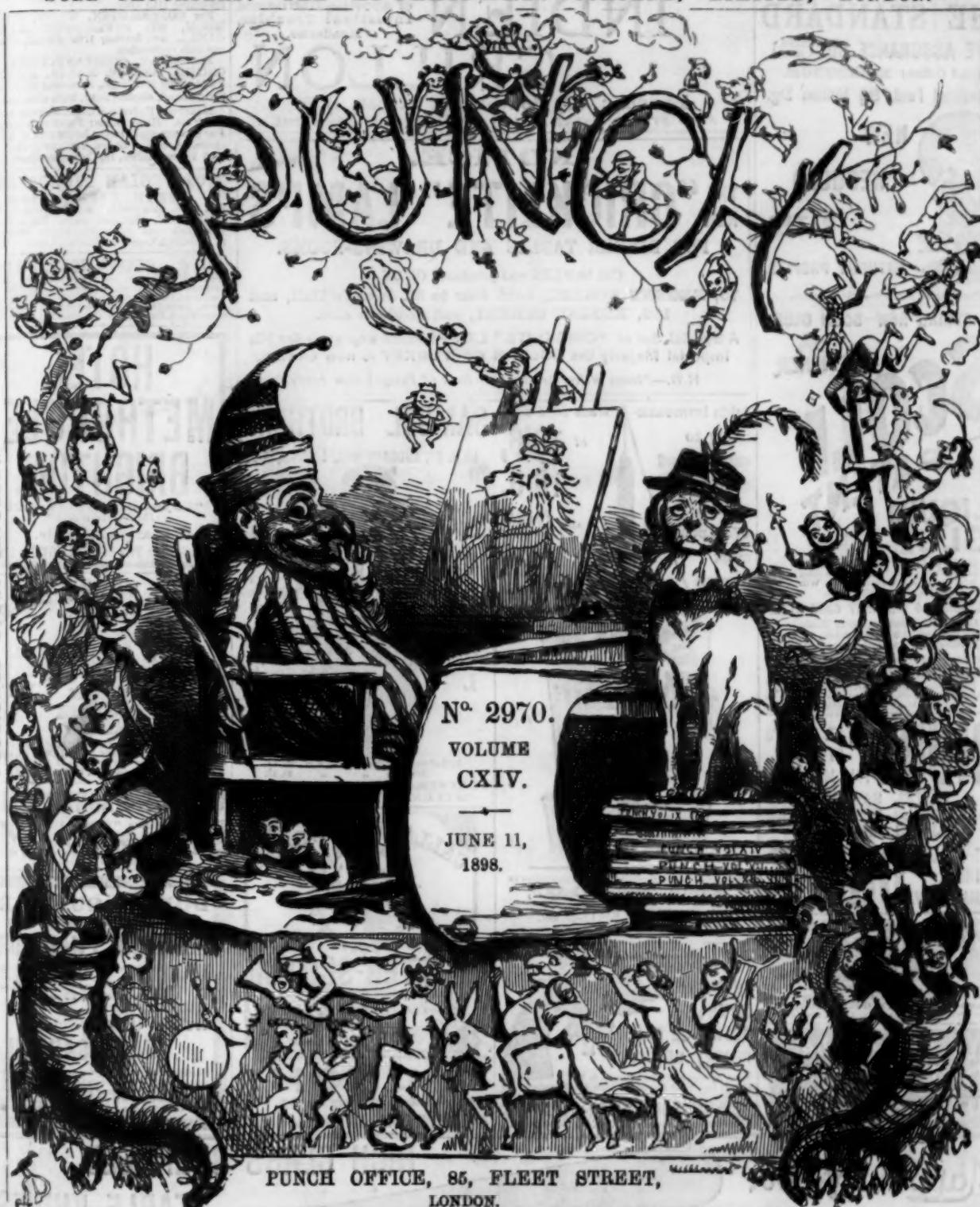
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THE SAME WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Polly. "YOU KNOW, FATHER, I TOLD YOU YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME TO TOWN IN THAT AWFUL HAT. I WONDER YOU WEAR IT AT HOME EVEN."

Father. "WHY, IT DOESN'T MATTER. EVERYBODY KNOWS ME THERE."

Lolly. "YES; BUT IT'S DIFFERENT IN LONDON."

Father. "NO, QUITE THE SAME. NOBODY KNOWS ME HERE!"

OUR POST-BAG.

[An important war causes literature and art to be neglected. . . . It is curious to notice how it is the one topic of conversation at the dinner-table, in the train, and elsewhere."—*A Weekly Review*.]

SIR.—At this momentous crisis, when the fortunes of two great nations are trembling in the balance, it is disgusting to find that there are some unhappy creatures so blinded by their sordid love of gold as to allude to petty financial transactions in their conversation and correspondence. Only this morning I received a letter from Messrs. Sivrs & Co., tailors, "begging my

attention to their small account." Small account, indeed! I have explained in my reply that my whole attention, at the present time, is concentrated elsewhere—somewhere in the neighbourhood of Cuba, in fact. Yours faithfully, M. P. KUNIUS.

SIR.—In common with all other men of intelligence, you must be aware how disgracefully the fleets of America and Spain alike have been mismanaged in the present war. Since my retirement from the sugar trade, which took place a few months ago, I have devoted much attention to the problems of naval warfare. And, being a lover of fairplay, I beg to intimate that for

a moderate fee I am prepared to furnish either Spain or the United States with a plan of campaign which cannot fail to prove immediately successful.

HORATIO NELSON TOMKINS.

SIR.—Our country is watching the struggle with "trembling eagerness." And what does this lead to? It leads to Sleeplessness, to Indigestion, to a Disordered Liver,—in a word, to all those ailments for which Poppleton's Perfect Pillules are the one safe and infallible cure. The moral is obvious.

POPPLETON & CO.

SIR.—Owing to this abominable war, I can find no sale for my usual Spring output; my *Odes to the Cuckoo* are a drug in the market; no editor will look at my *Songs to May*. And so, Sir, I appeal to you to assist me by announcing that I am prepared to furnish Patriotic Songs, Ballads and Elegies (with American or Spanish flavour, according to taste) on the lowest terms.

APOLLO JOHNSON.

P.S. (private and confidential).—What do you say to running my *Strike of Nations*—a blank-verse epic of about fifteen thousand lines—as a serial in *Punch*?

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I have been shamefully treated, and I appeal to you for protection. That old beast BILLY (our headmaster, you know) put me on in *Cesar* this morning. I didn't know a word of it, and explained that I couldn't be expected to trouble about Latin and Greek and that sort of rot, when all my sympathy was absorbed in the fate of Spain. And the only result, if you please, was that BILLY told me to write out the lesson twice, Latin and English! Yours disgustedly,

BROWN MINOR.

MARS MELIORIS BELLI INVENTOR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—As I know that you are strictly neutral, and that your esteemed publication is read alike in Castile and Washington State, I beg to draw the attention of the high-contending Powers of Spain and America to the fact that I have several valuable inventions, which should certainly be immediately adopted by one or both of them.

1. A Machine for Making Dynamite Bread, which cannot be distinguished from the ordinary Staff of Life. Invaluable for provisioning an Enemy's fleet under the cover of disinterested friendship.

2. A Submarine Balloon disguised as a Whale, Shark, or Sword-fish, according to taste, propelled by centrifugal force, and heavily charged with a destructive liquid, of which I am sole patentee.

3. A Repeating Cannon made of *papier-mâché*, so light that it can easily be carried in the breast-pocket of a military-cloak.

4. A Mirror fitted with 3,000,000-power electric light, calculated to blind 30,000 men at first sight. Priceless, unless the foe wear my Röntgen Ray Protective spectacles.

5. A Marine Cycle, which, by a special power of oil-diffusion, can travel safely through the stormiest sea.

6. My Refrigerator Splendens, whereby a whole division can be frozen into immobility by the turning of a handle.

I trust that some at least of my methods may meet with your approval. At all times am I ready to furnish plans, &c., to you or any other capitalist.

HANWELL DE LOON.

The Laboratory, Peckham Rye.



LAUNCE AND HIS DOG.

Launce. . . . LORD S-L-E-B-R-Y.

The Sly Dog. . . . RT. HON. J-E CH-MB-RL-N.

"A CURE FOR INDOLENCE."

HAVE just been reading in the *Fortnightly* an article with this title. Being naturally indolent, I take an interest in the subject. Even continue to do so after reading this article, translated from the French into remarkable English. It is probably good for "an indolent," as the translator would call me, to have his brain taxed occasionally. At last discover the correct treatment. Somehow I do not seem quite a proper subject. Enjoy excellent health. Nevertheless, am hopelessly lazy. Must therefore regulate the employment of the twenty-four hours as recommended by the French doctor, though, as the translator puts it, "without doubt one will judge these precautions juvenile even to the burlesque, tyrannical even to the absurd." Don't quite know whether the translator would consider me an absurd. Perhaps I am a burlesque. Will begin tomorrow, and carefully follow Dr. DE FLEURY's programme for the day.

"Rise at seven." Rather uncomfortably early. Generally get up at nine. But persevere. Next comes "intellectual work for about an hour and a half," and then breakfast at half-past eight. Don't quite see what time this leaves for bath and dressing. Ah, yes! Intellectual work must go on meanwhile. Do my best. Repeat the easier end of the multiplication table while having my bath—always hated mathematics—and conjugate *amo* after. Not so easy. Schoolboy's mechanical memory clean gone. Part my hair all crookedly while struggling with the wretched verb. Still some time for intellectual work. Begin to hate it. Read some irregular verbs in my old Latin grammar. Very uninteresting. At last breakfast time. Excellent appetite. What next? Hang it all! More "intellectual work." Had thought of doing some verses for a magazine. Evidently impossible. Must try something intellectual. Translate part of the *Fortnightly* article back into French. Easy enough, anyhow.

Then comes "rest at half-past eleven." Should much prefer some exercise. How am I to rest? Can't go to sleep in the morning. Even I am not so indolent as that. Besides, the next thing is lunch at noon. How delightfully foreign. Always prefer *déjeuner*. But after a solid English breakfast it is rather early. So take that rest in a cab to the Savoy. *Déjeuner* there. Don't seem very active so far. What now? Another rest! In cab to the club, and rest there in easy chair with my eyes shut. Still rather indolent. Then comes "a walk." At last! But only for about half-an-hour. After this, I am to follow my "ordinary occupations." Evidently must not work or walk, write or read. So drop into club again, sit in easy chair, and soon fall asleep. Just as I wake, SMITH comes in. "Hullo," he says, "taking it easy, as usual?" "Not at all," I retort, "I'm curing my indolence. You'll see the system described in the *Fortnightly*." "Oh, indeed," he replies, "I'm glad the cure is working so well." Begin to have doubts of it myself. But will persevere. Should like a little exercise. This is not mentioned, so home in cab.



Perspiring Countryman (who has just, with the utmost difficulty, succeeded in catching train). "PHEW! JUST SAVED IT BY T' SKIN O' MY TEETH!"

"Dinner at seven." What now? "Rest for half-an-hour." Again! This is awful! Fall asleep once more. Wake just before half-past eight. At last "a short walk," and then "go to bed." Probably a mile is short enough. Do this, and get into bed as the clock strikes nine. I may have been indolent, but I have never been to bed so early since I was at school. Impossible to sleep. Would welcome "intellectual work" as a distraction. But dare not even repeat the multiplication table to myself. At last, at daybreak, can bear it no longer. Get up, dress, and walk to Richmond. Shall give up this cure. Rather than "rest" and sleep about twelve hours a day, I will be "an indolent" all my life.

SUGGESTION FOR AMENDING THE BOADICIA STATUE-GROUP ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.—The horses may be easily supposed to have bolted, as they have got no reins, and to have upset the car containing BOADY and her two crouching friends, who have escaped unhurt. Replace chariot and horses by motor-car. Let the two crouchers be riding as two fares inside, and BOADY can be on box flourishing her spear, or anything, except, of course, a whip.

SUGGESTION FOR THE NEXT STATEMENT FROM OUR YELLOW-PRESS WAR-CORRESPONDENT.—SAMSON has slain his thousands, thanks to the jaw-bone of an ass.

MEN OF THE THYME.—Herb-growers.

FARMING SCHOOLS.

[“At the last meeting of the Gloucestershire Chamber of Agriculture it was stated that a scheme for a School of Farming had been prepared by the County Council.”—*Globe*.]



Dr. Tummatahre taking his Farming School for a constitutional walk.



The Master of the Wurzel-growing Class.



Pupils' work in the Scarecrow Modelling Class.



Prize Pitchfork for the best Scholar.



Chemical Preservation of Milk Class.

Ham. Who art thou?
Ghost. I am the ghost of thy father. I am permitted to haunt these battlements between twelve and two. Thine uncle murdered me and has since married my wife. You must revenge me.

Oph. Alas! poor ghost.

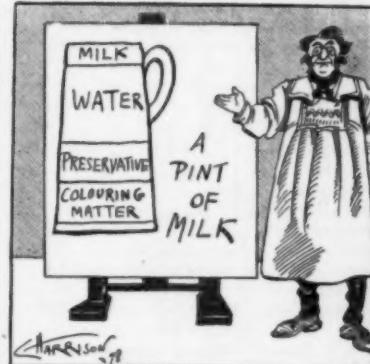
Ghost. Till I am revenged I suffer torments. It is impossible to describe the torments I suffer. At night I roam to and fro upon the battlements wringing my hands, and my eyes are full of tears. You can see how full of tears my eyes are.

Ham. I can see nothing.

Lae. The night is very dark.

Ghost. The cock is about to crow. When the cock crows I must depart. I may not outstay the crowing of the cock. Swear that you will avenge me.

Ham. I swear. [Exit Ghost.]



Dairy Object Lesson for the Junior Class.

OPHELAIN AND HAMELETTE.

(By “the Belgian Shakespeare.”)

PERSONS:—

The King. *The Queen.*

The Chamberlain.

Laertes (the Chamberlain's son).

Ophelaine (the Chamberlain's daughter).

Hamelette (the King's nephew).

Ghost of Hamelette's father.

ACT I.—Elsinore, a platform before the castle. HAMELETTE, OPHELAIN and LAERTES discovered conversing in dismal whispers.

Ham. It is cold to-night.

Lae. It is very cold.

Oph. There is a cloud over the moon.

Ham. The cloud is dark and threatening. I can scarce keep from shivering, the cloud is so dark.

Lae. It is going to rain.

[A hollow groan is heard.]
Ham. (gloomily). Did you hear anything?

Lae. I heard nothing. [Another groan.]

Oph. What was that?

Lae. It was the wind. [The ghost enters.]

Ham. See, he comes. His eyes glare. They glare like live coals. I have never seen such glaring eyes.

Oph. Speak to him, HAMELETTE.

ACT II.—In the Queen's Chamber.
King. What ails HAMELETTE? Is he sick?

Queen. He is very sick.

King. I fear he is mad. You must speak to him, my dear. Here he comes. He must certainly be spoken to. [Exit King.]

Cham. Speak to him severely, madam. I will conceal myself behind the arras. He must certainly be spoken to.

[Conceals himself.]

Queen. I wish they had not left me alone with him. I begin to fear something may happen. The wind howls round the castle and the moon is overcast. I fear something terrible may happen. Why did they leave me alone with him? (Enter HAMELETTE.) Good evening, son.

Ham. A very disagreeable evening, mother.

Queen. HAMELETTE, your father is angry with you.

Ham. Mother, I am angry with my father.

Queen. Do not answer me, HAMELETTE. It is not right for a son to answer his mother.

Ham. It is not right for a mother to marry her deceased husband's brother.

Cham. (behind the arras). Help! a rat is behind the arras. I do not like rats.

Ham. Did some one say a rat? I will kill that rat.

[Makes a pass through the arras. The Chamberlain falls with a thud.]

Queen. HAMELETTE, what have you done?

Ham. I have killed a rat, mother.

[Pulls out the Chamberlain.]

Queen. I felt sure that something terrible would happen. I felt it as soon as I was left alone. I will go to the King.

Ham. You shall not go to the King.

Queen. HAMELETTE!

Ham. He killed my father. He killed him with poison as he was sleeping in his garden. Nothing is more certain than that he killed him.

Queen. Something terrible will certainly happen.

Ham. Why have you come again so soon?

Ghost. To warn you to be swift. I have come to warn you to be swift.

Ham. I will be swift. Do not fear that I shall not be very swift.

Queen. HAMELETTE, why do you stare like that? Oh! I begin to be afraid.

[Ghost vanishes.]

Ham. Did you see nothing?

Queen. I saw nothing.

Ham. There was nothing to see. Ha! ha!

Queen. My son is certainly going mad.

ACT III.—Elsinore, a room in the castle.

Oph. Where is my father?

Queen. HAMELETTE has slain your father.

Oph. Ah!

Queen. Help her! She will fall.

[King goes to her assistance.]

Oph. (sitting on a seat). The wind is howling among the battlements. Hark how the wind howls. It has a fearful sound. Do you not hear its howling?

King (soothingly). There is no wind,

OPHELIA.

Oph. And yet I can hear it shrieking over the battlements. It shrieks like a lost spirit. Do you not hear its shrieking?

King. We hear nothing. The air is quite still.

[Enter LAERTES, with drawn sword.]

Lae. Where is my father?

Queen. HAMELETTE has slain your father.

Lae. But HAMELETTE was to marry my sister.

Queen. Yet he has slain your father.

Lae. (seeing OPH.). OPHELIA, is it true that HAMELETTE has slain our father?

Oph. The wind howls over the battlements. The wind shrieks like a lost spirit. No spirit was ever so lost as the wind. Do you not hear its shrieking?

Lae. Are you mad, OPHELIA?

Oph. I am quite mad, LAERTES.

Lae. My father is slain by HAMELETTE, and because he is slain, my sister is distraught. King. I will be avenged on HAMELETTE.

King. It is only right that you should be avenged on HAMELETTE.

Queen. Did I not say something terrible was going to happen?

Oph. The wind is roaring terribly.

King. There is no wind, OPHELIA.

ACT IV.—A hall in the castle. Two thrones at back of stage.

King (solus). HAMELETTE's madness increases; it increases terribly. There is no end to his madness. His father's ghost haunts the battlements. It is wrong that he should haunt them. My battlements should not be haunted by ghosts. He has slain my chamberlain, and it is wrong that my chamberlain should be slain. Moreover, OPHELIA has drowned herself in the pond. HAMELETTE drowned her. And now LAERTES has sworn to kill HAMELETTE. He has sworn by all the stars. This sword is poisoned. With this sword shall he slay him. This cup is poisoned. Of this cup shall HAMELETTE drink. HAMELETTE shall certainly die by the cup and the sword. I am certain that HAMELETTE shall die.

[Takes his seat on one of the thrones.]

Enter LAERTES.

Lae. Tell me where HAMELETTE is. cannot find HAMELETTE.

King. HAMELETTE is coming hither with the Queen. Here is the sword with which you shall slay him. [LAERTES takes sword.]

Lae. With this will I slay HAMELETTE. (Enter Queen and HAMELETTE.) HAMELETTE, I will kill you. Nothing is more certain than that I shall kill you, HAMELETTE. [HAMELETTE draws his sword.]

Queen. Something terrible will happen.

[Sits on throne.]

Ham. I also will kill you, LAERTES. I will kill you with the sword.



QUITE ANOTHER THING.

Jack. "WHAT DID YOU GIVE TOM BOUNCER A KISS FOR?"

Madge. "I DIDN'T GIVE HIM ONE." Jack. "OH, WHAT A CRAM! I SAW YOU!"

Madge. "NO. I ONLY LET HIM STEAL ONE!"

King. Drink from this cup, HAMELETTE. It will refresh you to drink from this cup.

Ham. I will not drink.

Queen. Give me the cup. I am thirsty.

King. Do not drink. [Queen drinks.]

Queen. I am very thirsty.

King. You should not have drunk of the cup.

Lae. Defend yourself, HAMELETTE.

[They fight. HAMELETTE is touched.]

Ham. I am wounded. Your sword is sharper than mine. I will fight with your sword.

Lae. Take it. Your sword is equally sharp.

King. Do not give him your sword.

Lae. Why should I not give him my sword? His sword is equally sharp.

[They exchange swords.]

Ham. Defend yourself, LAERTES.

[They fight again. LAERTES is touched.]

Lae. I am wounded.

Queen. I begin to feel very unwell. I think I am poisoned. Was there not poison in the cup?

Lae. The Queen is very pale.

Ham. The King also is very pale.

Queen. Oh, oh! I am very unwell indeed. I think I am going to die. There was poison in the cup.

Lae. I, too, am very unwell. I think I am going to die. There was poison on the sword. I am sure that the sword was poisoned.

Ham. The King is very pale. He is paler than the Queen. He is pale from fear. Drink wine, King.

King. I will not drink, HAMELETTE.

Ham. If you do not drink, you will die. [Raises his sword. The King drinks, staggers, and falls.]

King. Oh! I am slain. [Dies.]

Queen. Did I not say something terrible would happen? [Dies.]

Ham. My wound pains me. There is poison in my wound.

Lae. My wound also is poisoned. The poison burns like fire.

Ham. We are slain, LAERTES. Nothing is more certain than that we are slain.

[Dies.]

Lae. I, too, am slain, HAMELETTE.

[Dies.]

Curtain.

SUMMER (?)

[*"North-easterly winds, squally; some showers, possibly snow." — Weather Forecast, June 1.]*

HEAP on more wood! The wind is chill, But let it whistle as it will, We'll keep midsummer merry still.

Who praises winter? Who declares For January's gentle airs?

Who, fondly wistful, would remember The balmy zephyrs of December?

A fig for him! He knoweth not (To put it vulgarly) what's what.

Give me the snell North-Easter gay That riots through the month of May,

The snowy blast whose skirling tune Plays hurricane in frozen June,

The howling blizzard that shall fly In blinding drift through white July.

These are for me. Compared with these, What is your soft December breeze?

Away with cricket bat! Away With racquet! Bring the jingling sleigh, And don your furs, ye ladies gay!

For mind you, 'tis already June, The ponds will all be bearing soon, And in a little ye shall fly

On winged skates through white July.

Ho! heap the wood! Heap higher still! Spread Christmas cheer and eat your fill,

Draw tight the cosy curtains all,

What time the firelight fills the hall.

So will we yet be blithe and jolly.

And wreathed in mistletoe and holly,

We'll feast without one vain regret,

And keep midsummer merry yet.

TITLE FOR A NEW MILITARY PERIODICAL.—*The Powder Magazine.*



[Conductor. "OLD TIGHT, LADY!"
Fare. "OO ARE YOU CALLIN' A OLD TIGHT LADY? IMPIDENT YOUNG FELLER!"]

THE BAR OF THE HOUSE.

"They"—the present laws—"ought to be enforced on kitchen committees, noblemen, gentlemen, and even Members of Parliament, as strictly as on poor men, who (*sic!*) I continually read of being heavily fined for the slightest infraction of those laws."—Sir Wilfrid Lawson in the "*Daily News*."

To any thoughtful person's mind
It is a joy without a flaw
To feel that men of every kind
Are level in the eye of Law;
To know that, as the equal sun
Freckles the wicked and the just man,
Our constitution keeps but one,
One common code for duke and dustman.

Wife-breakers get the usual week
Although they hail from Eaton Square;
Infallibly the fearless beak
Impounds the burgling millionaire;
Between the ranks of low and high
The legal chances stand at evens;
And rules for gentle-folk apply
Also to Members of St. Stephen's!

Alas for manhood's equal lot!
My joy is withered when I think
That these above remarks do not
Include inebriate drink;
Your sense of justice will be shocked,
Dear Editor, as well as *my* sense,
To see the laws of England mocked,
And beer imbibed without a licence.

Full often as I contemplate
The honest pauper's public bar,
And see how relatively great
The clubman's privileges are;
One drinking all the Sabbath through,
The other's throttle parched and sticky—
Like unadulterated dew
My tears have weltered down my dickey!

But most I weep without reserve
That in this House, the home of Law,
Where Truth is noted for her nerve
And Justice for her ample jaw—
Unlicensed, undeterred by shame,
Exempt from fines or other Nemesis,
Tipple and such as take the same
May both be drunk upon the premises.

I notice how when I begin
To use the hopeful future tense
Of Love and Bliss that follow in
The train of Local Abstinence,
There is a movement, faint at first,
Then faster fly the feet and thicker,
As men withdraw to drown their thirst
In streams of cool and lawless liquor.

Not that they fear to find my speech
In manner, as in matter, dry,
For who, in Heaven's name, can reach
Such crystal depths of wit as I?
But since the sound of WILFRID's voice
Rakes up the consciences of Members,
To that illegal fount, for choice,
They go to quench the quickened embers.

But, Peace! for at another Bar
The tapster now abides his fate,
Where lust of gin may never mar
The judgment of the Magistrate!
To count the victims ere they drop
(*Pendente lite*) seems a pity;
Meanwhile I drink—in ginger-pop—
Death to the Kitchen-knaves' Committee!

THE KING ALFRED MILLENARY.

MY DEAREST GWEN.—People have all been talking so much about this dreadful war between Spain and America, that it is quite a relief to hear of another subject now beginning to crop up. Do you know anything about it, dear GWEN? I mean this King ALFRED "millenary." Would it suit me, do you think? You know the style of hat I look best in, better than anybody in the world. Do write and say if I ought to go in for it. Fondest love from YOUR affectionate, MAUDE.

P.S.—I see "millenary" spelt "millenary." How utterly uneducated some people must be!!

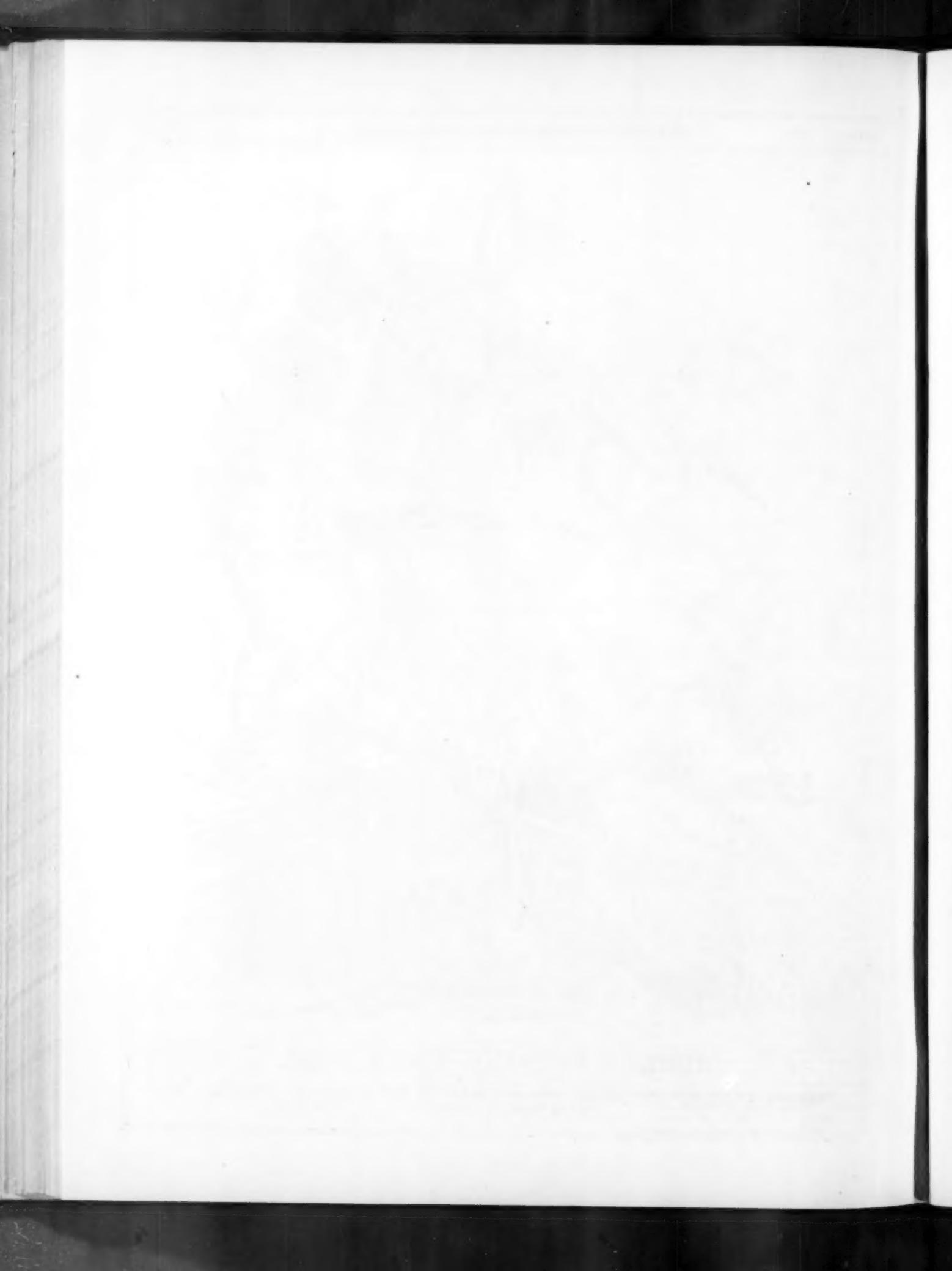
"LORD BRASSEY at Battle." Such is the startling heading of a paragraph in Tuesday's papers, stuck in amongst other war news. But faithful Victoria need not grow anxious about the safety of its errant Governor. He has not gone to war with Spain, the United States, or even with China. The headline merely introduced the announcement that "Yesterday Lord BRASSEY visited Park Gate, Battle, the residence of his son."

AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Aristocratic audiences will of course fill the house in King Street to see the new piece by "OLIVER HOBBS." Mr. ALEXANDER will be able to head his advertisements, "Great attraction! On stage and in auditorium! Hobbs and Nobs!"



THREE 'S COMPANY, TWO 'S NONE.

BRITANNIA. "VERY GLAD TO SEE YOU TWO, MY DEARS, IN THE SAME BOAT. I'LL COME, TOO, IF THERE'S ROOM!"





A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

Would-be Vendor. "WITH THIS COR, SIR, IF YOU WAS TO LEAVE LONDON AT FOUR IN THE MORNING, YOU COULD BE IN BRIGHTON BEFORE BREAKFAST-TIME!" *Possible Purchaser.* "BUT WHAT SHOULD I DO SO EARLY IN BRIGHTON!"

A DAY OF PLEASURE.

(From the Note-book of a Creature of Impulse.)

Now a cab to be seen anywhere! Early morning, and no constable to call one for me. Pretty state of things—might be murdered in our beds.

Mem.—Write to the Commissioner of Police.

Got to the station somehow. Book-stall opening. Boy in attendance. Want a daily paper. Boy has no change for a shilling!

Mem.—Write to Messrs. W. H. S. AND SON.

Train at last. Guard doesn't open door. Suppose because I am not travelling first class. Remonstrate. He does not answer, but whistles and waves his flag.

Mem.—Write to the traffic manager of the railway company.

Have to take an early omnibus to get to another station. Conductor gives me change for a shilling in pence.

Mem.—Write, as directed, to the secretary "in cases of incivility of the company's servants."

Have to take the boat. Official explains that the booking office is closed, and that I shall have to pay on board.

Mem.—Write to the editor of my favourite daily paper letter of complaint.

On board. No seats, no room. Captain—or some one whom I take for captain—expresses regret, but can give no redress.

Mem.—Write to the chairman of the steamboat company.

Settle down somehow. About noon get hungry. Have lunch. Ask for toast. Can't obtain it!



THE SCHOOL-BOY OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

The Thirteen-Year-Old (after reading "Hints on Physical Culture"). "Umph! Very good reading, excellent reasoning, and anatomically correct. Must really take down the dumb-bells. But then there's that powerfully-written book on 'Procrastination.' Besides, I must grind up my Political Economy, French, German, Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Physiology, Etymology, Theology, Geology, Astrotheology, Phonology, and Electrology. Yes; exercise is *not* when you've got to pass an Exam!"

Mem.—Write to the caterers. Return home. Some of the passengers inclined to be rowdy.

Mem.—Write another letter to favourite newspaper.

Crowd getting off boat. Should be more gangways. Suppose Thames Conservancy responsible. At any rate, safe to communicate with the Mansion House.

Mem.—Write to Lord Mayor.

Cab home. Coachman inclined to over-charge. He expresses opinion that I am "no gentleman."

Mem.—Write to cab proprietor.

Mislaid my latchkey. Can't make any one hear. P.C. not on his beat. Disgraceful. Might be all murdered in our beds.

Mem.—Once again, letter to Commissioner of Police.

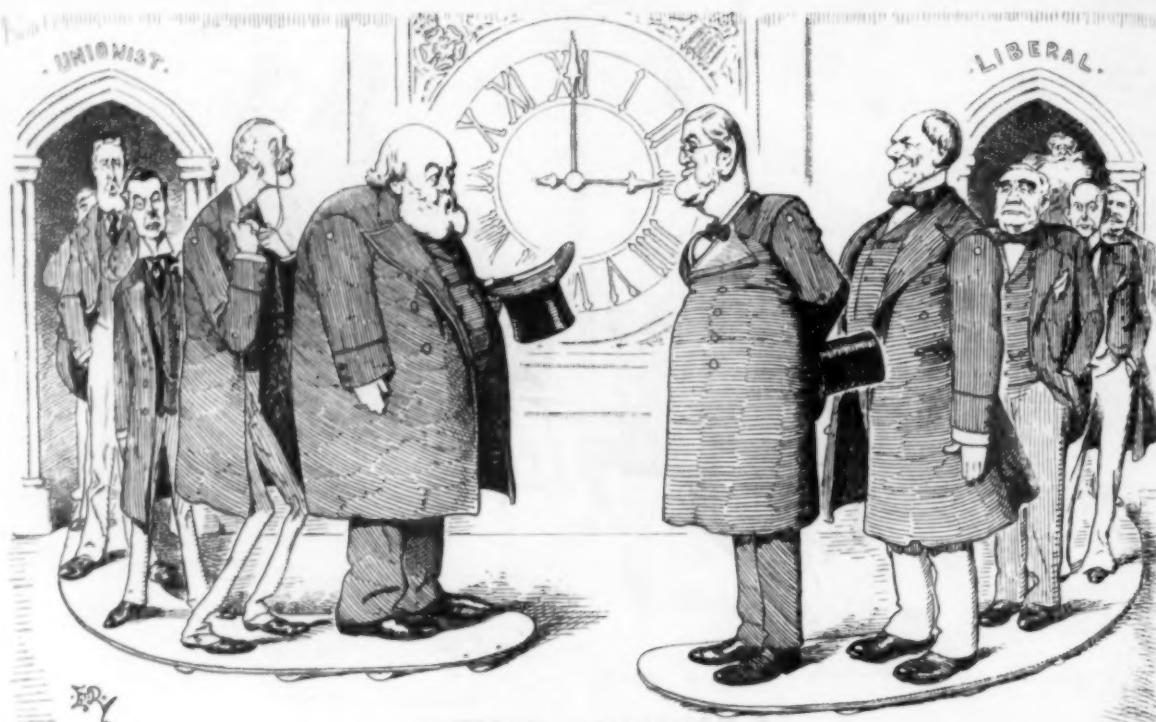
Next day.—Forget all about it.

A DAMPED CRICKETER ON PLAY IN MAY.

THE fielders stood out in a knee-deep lake, While the downpour was just a-sullying; When the batsmen ran (I make no mistake), 'Twas a sort of double sculling. And then the umpires would bale the wicket, An amphibious game, but it was not cricket!

MOST APPROPRIATE BOOK FOR A VISITOR TO OUR NON-CONSUMING-ITS-OWN-SMOKE METROPOLIS.—*Black's Guide.*

ITALIA IRREDENTA.—The present Ministry at the Quirinal.



THE WESTMINSTER CLOCK-WORKS.

AS THE HOUR OF RE-OPENING STRIKES, THE WELL-KNOWN FIGURES Emerge FROM A RECESS ON EACH SIDE AND MEET AS USUAL.

"WHY VEGETARIAN?"

(See Article in "Nineteenth Century" for June.)

MY DEAR SIR HENRY THOMPSON.—You are not a vegetarian. Not a bit of it. There were many heresies of old, and the Arian was one of the chief. Nowadays, it is the Vegetarian who is really quite outside your Orthodox Rules and Regulations for Food and Feeding. Your "reply to critics" in the *Nineteenth Century* is most excellent, and knocks on the head the garbler who rearranges your remarks to suit his quotations. Sir HENRY, you are honoured. What writings are those which the enemy of mankind quoted to suit his own purpose? I do not pause for a reply. Such a critic of your work is, to apply an Ibsenian title to him, a "Headerless Garbler." When your works, Sir HENRY, shall be collected in an "octavo," your advice will be found in valuable for all time, all ages, and all appetites, and your "menus" will be to all sensible persons "menus plaisirs."

Do I know any one man who is purely and simply (very simply) a vegetarian? Let me consider. I know a Latin professor, who says he lives on "Ter-nips per diem." Lives! Nay, he exists. And for how long? Some style themselves "vegetarians" because they won't walk, and say that they have arrived at that time of life which may be styled a "Cab age." Another I know is followed over the sheep-fields by a canine companion, termed by him, "the Collie Flower of the Flock." The diner who never has more than one friend to share his meal, calls himself a "Tater-Tater;" but I question whether he limits himself and companion to this vegetable. Another, a traveller, who says he never wanders into unknown paths, professes therefore to be always living on "beat routes." This is far-fetched, but as I said, he is a traveller, and just arrived from a very long way off.

You, Sir HENRY, are right. You always are right, whether you are aware of it or not. And those who follow your advice will insure for themselves a beautiful present (when their birthday comes round) and a still happier future with a cheerful retrospect. This summed up means "Contentment," the result of good digestion. So, Sir HENRY, "à votre santé!"

ONE WHO BELONGS TO A "MIXED FEDERATION."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. LE GALLIENNE'S *Romance of Zion Chapel* (JOHN LANE), despite the vicious weakness of its hero and its second heroine, is a touching story of earthly love, excused by hopelessly false sentiment, and brought to its logical conclusion by a pagan mode of death. The picture of the broken-hearted girl dying of "a great shock" is genuinely pathetic. One of the two essential situations seems as if inspired by a subtle reminiscence of the wonderful forest scene in ZOLA's *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*. Mr. LE GALLIENNE is a writer "with incumbrances." These "incumbrances" are his affected mannerisms which, when he has settled down to his work, and is going straight ahead with his story, and "going strong" too, he casts to the winds all *impedimenta*, and we wish that he would never retrace his steps to pick them up at his leisure. "RICHARD is himself again" only when he becomes desperately in earnest.

The *Datchet Diamonds* (WARD, LOCK & CO.), by RICHARD MARSH, is a high-pressure express pace novel, whose hero, a somewhat unprincipled young man, gets into a serious difficulty as wilfully as did the man who, being "wondrous wise," jumped into a quickset hedge and scratched out both his eyes, and who, with much the same tact and impulsive energy as was exhibited by the hero of the immortal nursery rhyme, proceeds to get himself out of the difficulty with satisfaction to his friends, to the girl of his heart, and to the absorbed reader. Decidedly, read it!

Scribes and Pharisees, by WILLIAM LE QUEUX (F. V. WHITE & CO.). Cleverly-told story of Bohemian life in Paris and London. Just a flavour of *Trilby* in the earliest portion. The dénouement leaves it a trifle uncertain as to the actual guilt of the accessory before the fact, but though the murder is at the beginning, the mystery about it is preserved to the very end. With this novel at hand you need not regret imprisonment in the house by bad weather for a whole afternoon. BARON DE B.-W.

PIPER FINDLATER, late of the Gordon Highlanders, has, it appears from the *Westminster Gazette*, "declined Balmoral situation." Will the Alhambra continue to "pay the Piper"?



Old Gentleman. "WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, AND HOW MANY FISH HAVE YOU CAUGHT ?"
Bad Boy. "AH, YOU DON'T CATCH ME ! I KNOW ! YOU JUST WANT ME TO TELL YOU, AND THEN YOU 'LL SAY 'HALVES !'"

FLITTINGS.

*Pietermaritzburg (or, P.M.Burg, for short),
April 23, 1898.*

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—We have flitted at length into the "Garden Colony," and struck a really nice place in the capital with the above polysyllabic name. Some of the inhabitants, I believe, call it "Sleepy Hollow," and the Zulu designation is "Umgungunhlovu," a pretty little series of gurgles and clicks, which they tell me means "Home of the Elephant." Please ask RIDER HAGGARD if this is correct. Nearly every name begins in a tentative way with Um—. The river here calls itself the Umsindusi, and there are the Umgeni, Umqababa, Umkomaa, and so forth, in the neighbourhood, and for all one knows, Umslopogaas may be the name of your ricksha-boy.

These latter products of Natal swarm in the streets. They are mostly clad in a sort of bathing costume, and are not of a high order of intelligence. It is useless giving them any direction, as they trot along like a horse, blowing with a peculiar whistle when winded. If you want to go to the right, you say the Kaffir for "the hand you eat with," to the left "the hand you forget with" (which seems rather a Hibernicism); when you wish to stop, "Hhalagahla" (hasten slowly) does the trick, if you can manage to pronounce it. It sounds like shlahlagashla, shillelaghghasta, or something of the sort.

Ladysmith, where we stopped on the way from Johannesburg, is not a particularly lively place, though it is called the Aldershot of South Africa. The native police there are astonishing objects. They have two or three knobkerries, a gun ring round their heads, a salt-spoon or tooth-brush, or some other etcetera, thrust through their ears, their beards twisted into five or six very thin spikes, and bare legs and feet. We looked in at a murder trial in the court. The evidence, given through an interpreter, seemed to turn on the question as to whether the deceased was killed after he was dead, or *vise versa*. Anyhow, the process of cross-examination was so tedious that one of the defendants went to sleep, and had to be prodded up by the aforesaid guardians of the peace. To slumber unconcernedly while your own life is at stake seems the height of indifference, but it is characteristic of the Kaffir.

The railway from Ladysmith is one of the corkscrewiest in existence—so much so that it serves many passengers as a sea voyage when the train is chasing its own tail round curves of two

or three chains and down gradients of 1 in 30. We found it, however, a pleasant drive down the mountain heights on to the well-wooded plain, in the centre of which lies P.M.Burg. The feathery branches of the wattles and the blue-gum leaves brush the train windows as you burrow through the verdant tunnels.

To-morrow to visit an old rascal of a native chief in his *kraal*, and then on to Durban, which is the beginning of India.

Yours, in the meanwhile, Z. Y. X.

LANDSCAPE AND LITERATURE.

[Whilst they recognised the potent influence which the scenery of the country had exerted on the progress of literature, they could look forward to a fresh extension of that influence as the outcome of geological investigation.—*Romances Lectur* of Sir Archibald Griekie.]

On, nature, whose charms have so often been sung,
To whom poets for ages have looked for inspiring,
Around you the verse of all nations has clung
Until of your peans we're apt to be tiring.

We've revelled in meadows, in mountains, in trees,
Brooks, forests and gardens—we've lived in the thick of them;
The nightingale's warblings, the hummings of bees,
We've heard of so often we're getting quite sick of them;

Yet oft though your face has by progress been marred,
Till the verse in its honour must needs grow inferior,
Still this one resource there remains to the bard—
This brilliant suggestion—explore your interior.

His eye in a frenzy of fancy may glean,
Mid primitive vestiges new inspirations,
Find ballads and sonnets in notes pliocene,
And rondeaus in paleozoic formations.

With backgrounds of lava and igneous rocks,
Weird pictures long buried await the explorer;
Grim epics of earthquakes, upheavals and shocks,
And lyrics of fossilized fauna and flora.

So piercing the crust of exterior clods,
Through richly-strown strata, seductive and streaky,
While on paths of geology Pegasus plods,
The wrinkle he'll thank to Sir ARCHIBALD GRIEKIE.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday.—While the Cyclists, the Professional Wagnerian Cyclists, are hard at work during the day practising, we are treated to quite un-Wagnerian old friends in the evening. So to-night it is Madame Calvé as *Carmen*. To have seen and heard her once in this part is a joy for ever. Calvé is incomparable; the real Spanish *Carmen* from head to foot; as she was the genuine Italian as *Santuzza*. Equally at home in Spain or Italy, and yet, when at home, French. Her singing is of the first quality, and her acting equals her singing: result, perfection. House crammed to hear her. "Toréador contento" just caught the encore as it was dropping, and M. RENAUD did his Toreadorest with what power he has at his disposal; but, as a matter of fact, the Toréador himself is a genuine Spanish "Bounder," and M. RENAUD doesn't quite fill the part. Miss MARIE ENGLE as "the girl he left behind him," personified virtue



"Carmine di superi, placantur, carmine Manes."—*Horace.*

"Boxes, gallery, pit, and stall,
Calvé, as *Carmen*, delights them all."—*Free Translation.*

in pale blue and pink, and was in every way charming. Miss Utilissima BAUERMEISTER-singer, as one of the naughty gipsy girls, quite all right again, whereat audience delighted. As to the chorus-cum-dancing in last act, steps should be taken for its improvement. Calvé has discarded the black glittering dress she used to wear "once upon a time," as now she sports orange velvet. How quaintly she dresses her hair in flat bandeaux, too! M. BONNADEAU did his level best as *Don José*, the infi-m-of-purpose young man, and in the last act, got a bit above himself, dramatically.

Wednesday.—Welcome, MOZART! *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with aristocratic Madame EAMES quite perfect as the Countess; Madame de LUSAN good as ever in the part of the cheeky *Cherubino*, the Italian Buttons; while Madame NORDICA, as *Susanna*, gave us a missis-piece, which, we suppose, is the feminine of masterpiece, and if not, it ought to be. M. EDOUARD DE RESZKE was indisposed (weather very trying for throats just now), and so M. DUFRICHE was elevated to the rank of Count for the occasion. His sudden accession to the ranks of the Italian aristocracy was perhaps just a little too much for him, if the tremolo in his voice may be taken as indicating nervousness. Harpsichord and piano assisted in orchestra, piano giving his old friend a lead, and putting him right when slightly in error. M. RANDOGER, conducting, seemed pleased, and Miss BAUERMEISTER excellent as *Marcellina*, a wonderful transformation!

By the way, in his next morning's notice of the *Nozze*, the

scholarly critic of the *Daily Telegraph* wrote, "Madame EAMES was in admirable voice" ("Hear! hear!" from ourselves), "and there were not a few present who would gladly have heard her repeat 'Dove Sono.' " Most of us would have been considerably astonished had Madame EAMES, as the Countess, sung "Dove Sono" even once; but what would have been the feelings of Madame NORDICA, in whose part, that of *Susanna*, the song "Dove Sono" occurs! Wouldn't Madame NORDICA have been justified in quoting with indignation the very words of the song, the translation of which is worth producing:

"Heav'n! Where am I! What presumption!
Have you ar'c—but hence, away!"

And the bold Countess, who has neither part nor parcel in that particular scene, would have had to retreat before the face of the justifiably irritated waiting woman, who would not have waited any longer. But such *lapsus calami* will occasionally happen in the criticisms of the best regulated pen-masters.

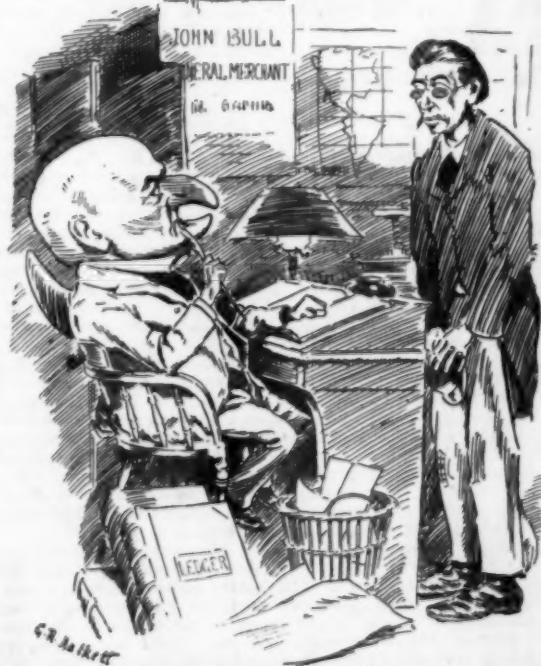
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Whene'er I hear your voice, my dear, a spell o'er me is cast,
The rapture of your presence is (I'm certain) bound to last.

On you I'll pour the loving store and treasures of my heart,
With riches of an earthly kind I am more loth to part,
I'll sing your praise in loving lays, for are you not my queen?
You'll find the verses published in our local magazine.

So deep is my affection I would joyfully propose,
But for one great objection, which now I will disclose,
Intense is your suspense, so I'll endeavour to be short,
The fact is, that a husband you're not able to support.



ENGLISH DEMAND AND GERMAN SUPPLY.

Mr. Punch (Chief Correspondence Clerk). "ANY VACANCIES FOR FOREIGN CLERKS IN THIS OFFICE? YES, THERE ARE—PLENTY; AND WILL BE UNTIL JOHN BULL'S SONS LEARN SENSE—AND MODERN LANGUAGES!"

"[Much of the commercial knowledge of Germany has been supplied by young Germans who have been employed as clerks in Great Britain, mostly as foreign correspondents. British clerks cannot be used as foreign correspondents, because not one in a thousand can co-respond correctly in any foreign language.]"—*Consular Report from Stettin, issued by Foreign Office.*



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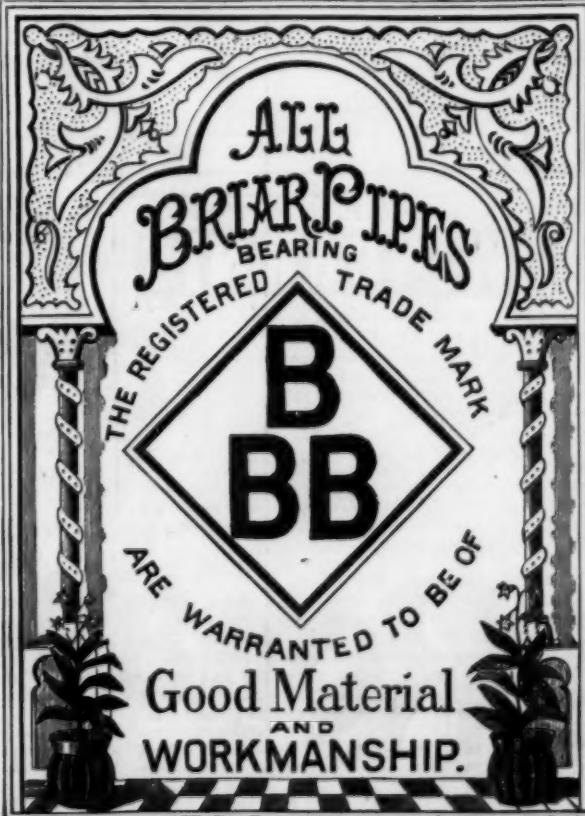
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